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CORALLY AND NELSON :

OR,

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Continued.)

NELSON speaking with the voice of friendship, wanted to prevail on her by the tenderest reproaches to explain herself before his sister : but Corally kept silent ; and Juliette perceiving that she was a restraint upon her, went out of the room.

"What is the matter with you ; Corally ? What have we done to you ?" said Nelson. "What is it that makes you uneasy ?" "Do not you know ? Could you not have discovered that my joy, as well as my sorrow can no longer have but one cause ? Cruel friend ! I live only through you : and you avoid me ; you would have me die !—— but I am mistaken, you wish not that I should ; they go farther, they insist that I should renounce you : that I should forget you. They frighten me, damp my spirits, and force you to make me distracted. I ask only one favour of you, said she, falling on her knees, it is to tell me whom I offended in loving you,

what duty do I violate, or what unhappiness do I occasion ? Are there here such cruel laws, or are tyrants rigorous enough to forbid me the most worthy use of my heart and my reason ? Must I love nothing in the world ? Or if I may love, could I make a better choice ?"

"Dear Corally, replied Nelson, nothing is more sincere, nothing more tender than the friendship which attaches me to you. It would be impossible, it would be even unjust if you were insensible of it."——

"Ah this is reviving, this is talking reason."

"But though it be very pleasing to me to be what you think the most dear in the world, it is what I have no pretensions to, and ought not even to consent to."

"Alas ! now I do not understand you."

"When my friend committed you to my care, was he not dear to you ?"

"He is so still."

"Would you not have been happy to have been his wife ?"

"I believe I should."

"Did you love any one in the world as much as him ?"

"Blandford, your protector, the depository and guardian of your virtue, in loving you has a right to be loved."

"His kind offices are always present to my mind; I honour him as a second father."

"Well then let me tell you, that he resolves to unite you to him by a tie still more engaging, than that of kind offices. He has entrusted me with the half of himself, and aspires only to the happiness of being your husband on his return."

Corally, being now calm, rejoined, "Is this then the obstacle which separates us? Be easy, it is removed."

"How?"

"Never, never, I solemnly protest, will I be Blandford's wife."

"It must be so."

"It is impossible, Blandford himself shall confirm it."

"What! One who received you from the hands of a dying parent, and has always treated you with all the tenderness of a father?"

"Under that sacred title I revere Blandford; but he must not expect more."

"You are then resolved to make him miserable?"

"I have resolved to deceive no one. Had I given my hand to Blandford and were Nelson to demand my life, I would give my life to Nelson; I should be perjured with respect to Blandford."

"What do you say?"

"What I should say to Blandford himself: And why should I be guilty of dissimulation? Is it in my power to love or not?"

"Alas! How criminal do you make me."

"You! In what manner? for being amiable in my eyes? Indeed Heaven disposes of us as it pleases. It is Heaven that has given Nelson those graces, those

virtues, which enchant me; it is that which has given me this soul, which it has formed expressly for him. If it were known, it is full of him. How impossible it is to love any one but you, or no one like you!—Alas! let them never talk to me of lying, if I am not to live, for you?"

"But that is the very thing which makes me distracted. What right has not my friend to load me with the most grievous reproaches?"

"He! What reason has he for complaining? What is he the worse? What have you robbed him of? I love Blandford as a tender father. I love Nelson as myself. These sentiments are not incompatible. If Blandford has placed me in your hands as a deposit, which was his property, it is not you, it is he that is unjust."

"Alas! it is I who oblige you to reclaim from him that treasure I rob him of. It would be his if it were not mine; and the guardian of it the very person that steals it."

"No my friend, do yourself justice. I was my own, I am now your's. I only had the disposal of my person, and I have given myself to you. In attributing to friendship the rights, it cannot claim, it is you that are guilty of usurpation; and you make yourself an accomplice in the violence they are guilty of towards me."

"He, my dear; he guilty of violence to you?"

"But where's the difference whether he does it himself, or you do it for him? Am I treated the less like a slave? You are both interested alike: But if any other person but your friend should endeavour to keep me in slavery, would you not think it a glory to make me free? It is only then for the sake of friendship that you give up the rights of nature! What did I say? both nature

and love. Nelson, has not love its right likewise? Is there no law among you in favour of susceptibility? is it just, is it generous to oppress, to distract a lover, and to rend without compunction, a heart whose only crime is that of loving you?"

Her sighs prevented her from continuing her address; and Nelson who found her almost choaked with them, had not even time enough to call his sister to her assistance. He hastened to untie the ribbands, which rather confined her bosom: And immediately every charm, which youth can boast of in its bloom, was unveiled to the sight of this passionate lover. The shivering which seized him rendered him at first motionless; but after the Indian, having recovered her spirits, and feeling herself clasped in his arms, thrilled with joy, and opening her fine languishing eyes, she sought for those of Nelson. "Ye heavenly powers," said he, "support me; my virtue seems to have deserted me! Live, my dear Corally!"

"You would wish me to live, Nelson, you would wish me to love you!"

"No; I should violate all the ties of friendship and be perjured. I should be unworthy of beholding the light, unworthy of seeing my friend any more! Alas! he forewarned me of this; I would not deign to believe him. I presumed too much on my own strength. Have pity, Corally, have pity on the heart which you rend to pieces. Suffer me to leave you, and conquer myself."

"Oh! do you then wish my death," said she, falling at his knees in a fit.—Nelson who thought the object of his love was expiring, rushed to embrace her, and restraining himself on seeing Juliette, "Sister," said he, "lend her your assistance; it is I who ought to die."—As he pronounced these words he withdrew.

"Where is he?" said Corally, when she opened her eyes. "What have I done to him? Why do you recall me to life?"

Her grief redoubled, when she was informed that Nelson was just gone; but reflection furnished her with some small hope and courage. The concern and tenderness which Nelson could not conceal from her; the fear with which she saw him agitated, the tender expressions which escaped from him, and the violence he was obliged to exert to overcome himself, and leave her, all conspired to persuade, that she was beloved by him.

"If it be true," said she, I am happy. Blandford will return, and I will confess all to him: He is too just, and too generous, to tyrannize over me."—but this allusion was soon dissipated.

Nelson received in the country a letter from his friend, announcing his return. "I hope," said he in the conclusion of his letter, "to find myself, within three months, united to all that I love. Forgive me, my friend, if I share my heart between you and the amiable, the tender Corally. My soul was, for a long time, solely thine; at present it is divided. I have entrusted thee with the best, the sweetest of my wishes; and I have seen friendship applauded by love. My happiness depends on both of them: It is my happiness to think, that by thy care, as well as thy sister's, I shall see my dear pupil again with a mind adorned with new improvements, a soul enriched with new virtues, more amiable, if it were possible, and more disposed to love me. It will be to me the purest happiness to possess her as one of your greatest benefits."

"Read this letter," said Nelson, in one which he wrote to his sister, "and make Corally read it likewise. What a lesson is this for her! What a reproach is it to me?"



"It is determined," said Corally, after perusing it; "I will never be Nelson's; but yet never expect that I should be another's. The liberty of loving him is a right that I will never part with.—This resolution supported her; and Nelson, in his retirement, was by far more unhappy than her.

"By what fatality," said he, "does that which constitutes the charms of nature, and the delight of all hearts, the happiness of being beloved, prove my torment? What do I say? *To be beloved!* that is nothing: but to be beloved by one whom I love! To be on the verge of happiness! to have nothing, but to give up myself to it:—Alas! all that I can do, is to fly; inviolable, and sacred friendship requires no more. In what a condition have I seen this child! in what a condition have I abandoned her! She has reason to say that she is a slave to my duty. I have sacrificed her as a victim, and I am generous at her expense. There are some virtues then which wound nature; and to act with honour, we are sometimes obliged to be unjust and cruel. O! my friend, mayest thou gather the fruits of the efforts which it costs me; enjoy the blessing which I resign to thee; and live happily by my misfortune. Yes, Heaven is my witness, it is my desire that she would love thee! and the most poignant of all my pains is, that of doubting the success of my wishes."

It is impossible for nature to support itself in so violent a condition. Nelson, after long conflicts, wished for repose—but, alas! there was no repose for him. His constancy was at last exhausted; and his despairing soul sunk into a mortal languor. The weakness of his reason, the mutability of his virtue, the idea of a life full of trouble and grief, the void state of annihilation into which his soul would fall, if he ceased to love Co-

rally, the unremitting evils which would be the consequence of his continuing to love her, and above all the shocking idea of seeing, of envying, and perhaps of hating a rival in the person of his faithful friend, all conspired to render his life a torment: every thing urged him to abridge the course of it. Stronger motives restrained him. It was not a part of Nelson's creed that a man, a citizen, had a right to dispose of himself. He made it a law himself to live, content to be unhappy, providing he could still be of use to the world; but devoured with uneasiness and grief, and rendered, as it were insensible to every thing.

The time appointed for Blandford's return approached. It was essential that every thing should be so contrived as to conceal from him the ill consequences of his absence; who could have forced Corally to conceal them, but Nelson himself? He returned therefore to London; but languishing, dejected to such a degree, as not to be known. The sight of him overwhelmed Juliette with grief; and what an impression did it not make on Corally! Nelson endeavoured to comfort them; but the very attempt confirmed his own dejection. The slow fever which consumed him increased; he was forced to yield to it, and this gave occasion for a new contest between his sister and the young Indian. The latter would not quit Nelson's pillow. She importuned earnestly that her cares and watchings might be accepted of. They kept her away out of pity to herself, and a regard for him; but she enjoyed not that repose which they wished to afford her. Every moment in the night they found her wandering near the apartment of the diseased, or motionless at the threshold of the door, with tears in her eyes, her soul on her lips, her ear listening to the least noise, every one of which froze her with fear.

(To be concluded.)

**DREADFUL DESTRUCTION***Of the French Army in Russia.*

We expressed an opinion (says a late London paper) that 100,000 of Buonaparte's followers might have fallen in Russia, victims to his cruel ambition, by the climate and the sword. The following Russian official accounts, will show, that more than double that number thus perished!

"In conformity to the direction issued by government, for the complete destruction of the dead bodies of men and horses, belonging to the late enemy, which fell in battle, or perished from the cold, and had not been committed to the earth, the following reports have been transmitted by the governours of different provinces

"In the government of Minsk, up to the end of January, 13,797 dead bodies of men, 2,746 of horses, had been burned; and there still remained to be burned of the former, 30,105; and of the latter 27,310: the greater part of which were found on the banks of the Beresina.

"In the government of Moscow, up to the 15th of February, 49,754 dead bodies of men, and 27,849 of horses, had been burnt, besides a number of others that were buried.

"In the government of Smolensk up to the 2d of March, 71,735 dead bodies of men, and 51,480 of horses, had been committed to the flames,

"In the government of Wilna, up to the 8th of March, 72,202 dead bodies of men, and 9,407 of horses, had been put under ground.

"In the government of Kaluga, up to the 11th March, 1016 human corpses, and 4,394 dead horses, had been burnt.

"The sum of the whole was 243,609 human corpses, and 123,136 dead horses. exclusive of many others, either burned

or buried, of which no account was taken. The strictest measures have been taken for destroying, before the approach of spring, the dead bodies that may be found in the river or woods."

When shall the avenging sword be returned into its scabbard! When shall men, of wicked and relentless ambition, cease to scourge the world!—Still

"War tears the scythe from slow subduing Time,  
And sweeps contending nations to the grave."

But better days are drawing on, in answer to the fervent prayers and patient endeavours of faithful Christians!

"Who would not be a Christian! Who but now  
Would share the Christian's triumph and his hope?

His triumph is begun. 'Tis his to hail,  
Amid the chaos of a world convuls'd,  
A new creation rising! 'Mid the gloom  
Of general conflict, vice and wretchedness,  
He marks the morning star—he sees the east

Empurpled with its glories—hears a trump  
Louder than all the clarions and the clang  
Of horrid war, swelling still,  
In lengthen'd notes, its all-awakening call:  
The trump of Jubilee! Are there not signs,  
Thunders and voices, in the troubled air?  
Do you not see, upon the mountain tops,  
Beacon to beacon, answering! Who can tell,  
But all the harsh and dissonant sounds which long

Have been—are still—disquieting the earth,  
Are but the tuning of the varying parts  
For the grand harmony; prelude all  
Of that vast chorus, which shall usher in  
The hastening triumph of the Prince of Peace.

Yes! His shall be the kingdom! He shall come

Ye scoffers at his tarrying! Hear ye not,  
E'en now, the thunders of his wheels!  
Awake,

Thou slumb'ring world! even now, the symphonies

Of the blessed song are floating thro' the air:  
"Peace on earth, and glory be to God."

## MAMMOTH CAVE.

We have received a lengthy and minute account of the wonderful cave, mentioned in the following article. Want of room permits us to give only the following brief account, written by a native of Massachusetts, now resident in Kentucky:—*Bost. Eve. Gazette.*

"Woodford Co. (Ky.) July 1816.

"THE Mammoth Cave is probably the most extensive and stupendous vault in the known world.

It is situated in Warren county, Kentucky, 130 miles on the road leading from Lexington to Nashville, and only 10 miles from the road. It is surrounded at a distance by several "knobs," which are high conical hills, a chain of which runs through the country called "The Barrens," extending from the Big Barren river to the Cumberland in Tennessee. The only entrance into the Cave is from the bottom of what the inhabitants call a "Sink," which is a deep cavity in the earth, at the bottom of which there is generally a large current of water. We entered the mouth of the cave under a huge rock, projecting like a corridor from the side of this "Sink," 15 or 20 feet high. The entrance soon contracts to a narrow passage of a few yards, and then expands into a large Gothic vault; said to be several miles in length 40 or 50 feet wide, and in some places of the same height.

Earth, strongly impregnated with nitre, is found in every part of the cave, manufactured in great quantities by the owners, *Gratz and Wilkins*. The main branch runs nearly southeast, over two and a half miles of which is an excellent turnpike road for the purpose of carting the earth to the leaches, which are nearly a mile from the mouth. Water is brought to them from a cascade at the mouth, and the lye returned there by means of aqueducts and pumps.

This branch is estimated by those who have explored it, to be from 7 to 10 miles in length; but it is probably not so much. The first right-hand branch strikes off in a southern direction, a few yards from the mouth. It is about a mile in extent; but we went no farther than *The Pond*, as it is called, which is a pool of pure water. This is a wide branch, in some places steep and hilly, having a rough bottom, and a high roof, from which thousands of bats were suspended in clusters.

The second right-hand branch is called *The Haunted Room*. An artificial bridge leads up from the main branch into the room, twenty or thirty feet higher than the main branch. Here we stopped to look down upon the workmen, whom we could discern at various distances by the light of their tapers.

This is a beautiful, arched hall; the walls appear to be white-washed, from six to twenty feet high, and forty feet asunder. The roof is decorated with stalactites; every few rods, petrified pillars of spar occur, large as trunks of trees; and in one place they form a partition across the hall, leaving, as if on purpose, a door to pass through. A mile from the entrance, is the "*Elbow Chair*," a large petrified column, resembling a chair. Half a mile beyond this the floor descends rapidly to where the avenue converges to a narrow alley, into which we entered through an elegant door, and turning suddenly to the right, came to a narrow winding aisle, apparently formed by a cleft in the rock, the walls of which are stupendously high. This led us to a place where a spring of water falls from the lofty ceiling into a well above twenty feet deep. Then turning to the left round a large rock, we entered a spacious, circular temple, the dome of which was so high, that



we were unable to see it with our lamps. From this we went into a branch running in a northern direction, which we explored to a place where there was a second cascade in an avenue much like the former, nearly three miles from the mouth. To this branch we gave the name of *Vulcan's Workshop*, from the circumstance of finding a large mass of matter resembling lava or cinders. There is also in this branch another clear pool of water. Both the air and water of the cave are remarkably pure; and we could observe that our lamps burnt with a brighter radiance than in common air, owing to the presence of oxygen. I played a few tunes upon the flute, but could not discover that the sounds were much affected by the echoes. Near the entrance we saw an Indian mummy, which had been dug out of a neighbouring cave. It was found in a squatting posture, dressed in the habiliments of skins and woven bark, together with many ornaments peculiar to this people. The flesh, though much dried and shrunk, had been preserved from putrefaction by the antiseptical qualities of the nitre. The hair still remained upon the head, and the nails upon the fingers. The cave has a vast many other branches and ramifications, which we had not time to examine; but we were told that none have yet been explored in which there were not found relics and vestiges of the Indians.

"A person fond of ancient mythology, might here find ample scope for his fancy. Our guide might be the *Sibyl* to conduct him down into this *Tartarus*; the *Elbow-Chair* might be the tribunal of *Minos*; the ponds and rivelets might be so many *Lethes* and *Styres*; and the negroes, with their scattered lamps glimmering through the "dark profound," might supply him with an appropriate machinery of gods, ghosts and devils!

### SPLENDID FETE.

The following well written article of the Fete, on board the U. S. ship of the line Independence, is taken from the Boston Daily Advertiser of the 20th inst.

It was known some time since that the courteous as well as gallant Commodore Bainbridge had issued cards of invitation to a very large circle of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance to visit the line of battle ship Independence, during the present week—and that accordingly great preparations were making for the reception of the company. Thursday last was the day selected for this memorable occurrence in the fashionable world: and as it proved to be delightful weather, the boats of the ship as early as 4 o'clock in the afternoon, in admirable order for their accommodation, began to fill with the guests destined to partake of the commodore's entertainment. The oarmen were handsomely dressed and decorated for the day, and the boats continued to ply with great rapidity between the ship and the shore until about seven in the evening, at which period nearly three hundred and fifty *fashionables*, both ladies and gentlemen, had been conducted on board.

The arrangements of the vessel were equally remarkable for hospitality and good taste. All that part of the upper deck as far forward as the mainmast, was completely lined and covered with the flags of different nations, disposed in such a manner as to produce a sudden and striking as well as novel and beautiful effect. Convenient seats for the company were placed along the sides of the deck, and the gun-carriages were embellished with flowers, while a large band of musicians were stationed upon an elevated seat, half surrounding the mainmast, thus converting the whole

area, between this spot and the stern galleries into a splendid naval ball room, of one hundred feet in length.

The cotillions commenced as soon as the company had generally assembled, and continued with occasional intermissions until about eleven o'clock in the evening. Numerous ships' lanterns, and a great multitude of candles disposed tastefully round the capstern, which transformed it into a brilliant standing chandelier, produced an abundant and appropriate light for the ball-deck. Below, the commodore's two cabins were prepared for the company; the after one was fitted up for the ladies' apartment, and the gentlemen had a cold collation in the forward cabin, at which both welcome and abundance presided. A succession of agreeable refreshments upon the upper deck, comprising all the variety of fruits which the season affords, cakes, choice wines and other liquors, seemed to be almost unremitted. The evening was uncommonly mild and delightful, and a series of splendid fireworks displayed from a small U. S. vessel, anchored near the Independence, contributed much to heighten the spirit of the scene.

The excitement of this occasion arising from the singular and somewhat contrariant associations, which the novelties necessarily attending it, were calculated to awaken, was extremely interesting and powerful.

The deck of a man of war, a theatre of combat and of slaughter, converted into a place of all others best adapted to superinduce ideas of the pleasures of peace and innocent recreation; the consciousness that such a deck had during the late war thus become the scene of bloody conflict, and the conviction that happy peace had now almost obliterated the impression—the very guns of the ship and their carriages transformed into easy and elegant seats

for ladies;—the muskets, boarding-pikes and pistols, contrasted with the beauty, taste and fashion of the belles; their wit and animation as well as the gaiety presented to view over the whole area; the generous feelings of the commodore and his officers beaming from the eye, and expressed in their polite and gentleman-like demeanor, opposed to the rugged, weather-beaten visages of the sailors, many of whom were allowed the forward part of the deck to witness the festivity, and among whom groupes of ladies were frequently intermixed—were circumstances well suited to the indulgence of great animation of feeling, without leaving much leisure to analyze the causes by which it was produced.

As the ship Independence is one of the most thoroughly built as well as most elegant specimens of architecture which this country has yet, or probably ever can offer to the admiration of naval vicinity, we feel some pride in beholding her and contemplating her beauties. And we are free to express the hope as to indulge the expectation, that, like our *Constitution*, she will on some future day, delight the inhabitants of Boston, by realizing all their anticipations of her brilliant and successful destiny.

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#### A NOBLE INSTANCE OF MODERATION AND GENEROSITY.

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It is related of Hasan, the son of Ali; that a slave, having once thrown a dish on him boiling hot, as he sat at table, and fearing his master's resentment, fell immediately on his knees, and repeated these words,—“Paradise is for those who bridle their anger.” Hasan answered, “I am not angry.” The slave proceeded, “And for those who forgive men.” “I forgive you,” said Hasan. The slave however, finished the verse, adding “For God loveth the beneficent.” “Since it is so,” replied Hasan, “I give you your liberty, and four hundred pieces of silver.”



For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### THE VISION.

THE hour was the most inviting, the most lovely I had ever known ; it was bordering on twilight, and I felt my heart expand with rapture as the glowing beauties of the scene advanc'd. In the true spirit of minstrelsy I wand'ring with my harp hanging loosely on my arm, determining to seek out some place where nature appeared in her most romantic mood. I soon seated myself on a slope of hills whose summit commanded the most extensive prospect and delightful views. Leaning my head upon my hand, while my elbow rested on my harp, methought I could form some congeniality with the scene, in reflecting on the beauties of Poesy : I sigh'd to the memory of departed genius and indulg'd myself in repeating the sublime sentiments of many of our most admired authors.—An enthusiastic lover of the muses ; thy votaries, oh Apollo, I exclaimed, never die. Unlike the common race of mortals who drop into their graves, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot ;" generation upon generation passeth away, and their fame is still fresh in the memories of millions : and Time must grow weary on his wing, ere their names become extinct from the earth. Empower me, oh Genius, with the unlimited sway of the muses, and I ask no greater blessing from thy hand.

My imagination mechanically reverted back to myself, and drawing a comparison between the melody of their harp and the one on which I was now resting ; it ended in a reflection so unpleasant to my vanity, and so ungracious to every idea which I might have entertain'd in living beyond the life allotted to man ; that casting my eyes indignantly upon it, and passing my hand vehemently over its chords, (completely disgusted with the rude croaking which

it made,) I plung'd it in the river below me. Prophane trifler, I exclaim'd, with a smile of self contempt ; how hast thou the audacity to hope to equal what thou canst never expect even to imitate? Humbly acknowledge to the god of the Lyre, that thou art happy in the reflection that thou hast genius, taste and sentiment sufficient, to justly appreciate his votaries worth ; tell him, tho' you cease to torment his ear with the dull tinkling of an uncouth rhyme, you will follow where his rapt'rous melody shall lead, and in silence "listen and admire."

The concession was too much, and endeavoring to quell the rising ideas of pride which were too many for my agitated breast, I awoke—and gladly do I say, and behold it was a dream : And notwithstanding they are the effects of sleeping, this has left a waking impression on my mind, and could I but conform to its dictates, so consistent with propriety, and with every thing reasonable, I could with truth subscribe to the assertion of my favorite Young, "dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain."

ENNELINE.

### COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS.

This great Orator, in a late speech delivered at Dublin, speaking of the Religion of Christ, expresses himself in the following forcible and elegant language :—"He sent it among us to heal, not to irritate—to associate, not to seclude—to collect together, like the baptismal Dove, every creed and every clime and colour in the universe, beneath the spotless wing of its protection. This union of church and state, only converts good Christians into bad statesmen, and political knaves into pretended Christians. It is, at least, but a foul and adulterous connexion, polluting the purity of Heaven with the abominations of earth, and hanging the profaneness

of a *political piety* around the cross of an insulted Saviour. Not all the splendid deism of Rousseau—not all the infidel ribaldry of Voltaire—not all the stubborn impiety of Paine—not all the blood-converting blasphemy of Mahomet—

Aimed at the Gospel grace so vile a blow,  
Or proved so deadly and so damned a foe.  
As he who washed the thorny garland's  
gore,  
Daring to gild the wreath a Saviour wore!

Religion—holy religion—ought not, in the words of its founder, to be ‘led into temptation;’ the hand that holds her chalice should be pure—the priests of her temple should be spotless as the vestments of their ministry; rank only degrades—wealth only impoverishes—ornaments only disfigure her. Her sacred porch becomes the more sublime from its simplicity, and should be seated on an eminence inaccessible to human passions; I would have her pure, unpensioned, unstipendiary; I would have her, in a word, like the bow of the firmament—her summit should be the sky—her boundaries the horizon—but the only colour that adorned her should be caught from the tear of earth as it exhaled, and glowed, and glittered in the sun-beam of the Heavens!—Such is my idea of what religion ought to be.”

### VARIETY.

#### COURT OF CUPID.

Marcoff vs. Donaldson.

An action of trover was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant for the recovery of his heart, unjustly detained by her.

The facts, that turned out in evidence, were, the defendant appeared to be beautiful, good-natured, witty and wealthy, and the plaintiff supposing her so, voluntarily bestowed his affections upon

her, but afterwards discovered, that her beauty was artificial, her good nature affected, her wit borrowed, and her wealth imaginary; and under these circumstances brought this action.

The question was, whether as he had voluntarily resigned himself, without any apparent exertions on the part of the defendant to ensnare him, he should be permitted to take advantage of his own weakness and inconstancy, and be entitled to recover?

And the court decided, that where deceit of any kind was practised, directly or indirectly, the persons deceived should be released from their engagements and be restored to their former situation.

#### TRUE GLORY.

The true glory of man consists not in the ingenuity by which he builds systems, or unlocks the secrets of nature, or guides the opinions of a wondering world; but in that capacity of knowing, loving, and serving God, of which all are by nature equally destitute, and which all are equally and freely invited to receive.

#### PESTS OF SOCIETY.

There is not a more intolerable nuisance in the world, than an inquisitive false friend. Nothing more formidable than an opulent scoundrel, and an avaricious judge. Nothing more disgusting than an half-learned dogmatical scholar. Nothing more common than a knavish gamester. Nothing more ridiculous than an amorous old man or woman; a poor person who is proud; or a bully without spirit.

“A man,” said Martin Luther, “lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool; and at the time he begins to see his folly, his life is nearly finished; so that many men die before they begin to live.”

## MOUNTEBANKS.

In this country, as in all others, there are quacks in abundance, and of various kinds and qualities; but I rather believe we have no mountebanks:—nay I very much doubt whether there are many people in the union who have a very clear conception of the singular character and conduct of that particular sort of personage; or whether an adequate idea of them could be acquired but by personal observations on one or more of the craft while employed in the discharge of his public business. A single instance, taken from a late British publication, though insufficient to unfold the arcanes of the trade in all its varieties, will afford our readers a glimpse that will at least amuse them:

One of these adventurers having, in a small country town in England, collected an audience about him, addressed them in the following terms from his stage:

"Being originally a native of this place, I have for a long time been considering in what manner I can best show my regard for my townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish. It will, I confess, be a very heavy expense to me, and I hope no one will be ungenerous enough to profit by my liberality who is not really and truly a parishioner."

At these words the multitude pressed forward with open eyes, as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag of ample dimensions, which hung upon the arm of this generous man. He then continued:

"I know you are not so sordid and so mercenary, as to value my bounty, merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes, cannot be

produced by the thoughts of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highwayman, or a pawn-broker!

"I perceive what it is that delights you; it is your discovering in one, whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and indiscreet to indulge in liquor and other excesses, to the entire destruction of their health and understanding.

"In order, therefore, to prevent what I mean for a benefit, from being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsmen (slipping his hand into the green velvet bag) this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powder, and a plaster which has not its fellow in Europe, for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword, or pistol.

"If applied on the patient's going to bed, I pledge my reputation that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand, before morning.

"But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plasters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder: it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest men that ever existed, Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may, without fear, rush into the thickest battle and defy broadsword, pike, or bayonet.

For conclusion see page 208.

One person abusing another, in the company of Churchill the poet, said, he was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it. "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

At dawn of day Moll Hodge awakes,  
And croaks the family all out,  
She bawls "the third of July breaks,  
And we'll behindhand be no doubt :  
So fly to work, hunt up the eggs,  
Put on the pork, and kill the pigs :  
If we expect to York to go, no grass beneath  
our feet must grow."

Her old man had his work cut out  
The day before ; so without fail,  
He buttons on his streaked coat,  
And travels out to fill the pail.  
Churning, toiling, roasting, boiling,  
Baking, stewing, what a doing !  
Old Moll in business to her eyes, calls to  
her daughter "Leave the pies—

Come Sally, honey, get the quilt  
From off your brother Richard's bed ;  
Patch up the holes ; when th' booth is  
built,  
Should we have rain the water'll shed.  
The puddings made, the mustard mix'd,  
The butter weigh'd and all things fix'd,  
They start—but Gilpin like, turn back, for  
what they all loved well to smack.

The jugs now fill'd and well secur'd,  
Onward they travel and descry  
Hundreds of waggons all well stor'd  
With dainties for the 4th July.  
All thro' the crowd Sall's cousin, Peter,  
Came up, and vow'd she ne'er look'd  
sweeter,  
And compliments in merry mood each pass  
until the town they view'd.

Now Peter glad to excite surprize,  
Told them most wonderous sights  
there'd be,  
Talk'd of parades, and shows, and cries,  
"But most of all you'll stare to see,  
How a ship without feet, will walk thro'  
the street,  
How the shouts of the people, will ring  
through the steeple."  
At such marvellous news, all opened their  
eyes, and sent their astonishment up  
to the skies.

Arrived in York City they march to the  
park,

Quickly fix on a place for the tent,  
Perceiving they'll soon be o'ertaken by  
dark,

All hands fall to work with lively con-  
sent.

The table spread, pigs, fowls and fishes,  
Hams, beef and bread, cover the dishes.  
Matters arranged they ne'er close an eye,  
but wait for the dawn of the 4th of July.

The night most tedious being past,  
The bells begin the round of noise,  
And pleasure glowing in each breast,  
Childhood and age alike rejoice.  
From Battery to Chatham-street,  
The Lasses with their lovers meet,  
Roofs, walls and windows crowded thick,  
each one for himself is now the trick.

Well pleased the bugle-horn we hear  
Announce th' approach of horsemen  
brave,  
The glittering soldiers now appear,  
OUR INDEPENDENT FLAG to wave.  
Soldiers ne'er can sorrow, before the eyes  
of beauty,  
Tho' ye feel the effects to-morrow, of full  
seven hours duty,  
Enough almost to justify your plumes being  
pick'd ye were so dry.

The ship now passes ! see the press  
Of black and white all closely jam'd.  
The country folks, their souls now bless'd,  
And wonder how the thing was fram'd.  
Trumpet, drum and fife, flute and clarion  
Acquire new life, with hoarse bazoon.  
Crouds by their actions now declare, they'll  
break their necks or see the affair.

The bustle over, all are now  
Consulting drawn-forth appetite ;  
Making arrangements where and how,  
They'll spend their time the approach-  
ing night.

The Theatre and Gardens call ; the hawks  
are flying to Vauxhall.  
Some watching sky-rockets, others picking  
their pockets,  
So ends the 4th of July, a few reeling home  
with a drop in their eye.

CORNELIA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### UNCONQUERED LOVE.

*Paraphrased from Virg. Geor. III. line  
258—264.*

WHAT does the youth whom secret flames  
inspire,  
Where love relentless fans the mighty fire ?  
When darksome night the boisterous skies  
deform,  
When roll the billows, and when bursts the  
storm,  
When from the sable clouds keen light'nings  
flash,  
When bursts the thunder with tremendu-  
ous crash,  
The boisterous rolling firth he fearless  
braves,  
And stems with dauntless breast th' oppos-  
ing waves.  
Behold ! his weeping mother trembling  
stands,  
Or runs distressed o'er the sea-beat sands,  
In vain : her cries cannot the youth recall ;  
Fix'd is his purpose, were he sure to fall.  
In vain the fair, whose image fills his breast,  
With anxious cries would urge him to de-  
sist ;  
He perseveres amid the billows' roar—  
At length, rejoicing, gains the wish'd-for  
shore :  
He meets the fair and clasps her to his heart ;  
" Thus, thus," he cries, " we meet no more  
to part :  
" In vain the rocks, in vain the waves op-  
pose,  
" Love not regards its most obdurate foes ;  
" Nor shall the elements its purpose move !  
" Love conquers all, and all must yield to  
Love."

A. STRONG.

Durham, (N. Y.)

### SONNET.

As beauteous Delia walk'd alone,  
The feather'd snow came softly down,  
As Jove descended from his tower,  
To court her in a silver shower ;  
The wanton snow fled to her breast,  
As little birds into their nest ;  
But overcome with whiteness there,  
From grief dissolv'd into a tear,  
Thence falling on her garment's hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Communicated by one of our poetical cor-  
respondents.

### SONNET—TO LICEA.

I WATCH'D, in mute sadness, the tear as it  
stole ;  
It hung on thy cheek like the dew on the  
rose ;  
Thine eloquent eye seem'd to say—" to the  
soul

" This tear of soft sorrow its origin owes."

I felt thy warm sigh, it breath'd on my ear,  
Responsive I sigh'd, it was sympathy's  
sigh,  
And tenderly soothing, the crystalline tear  
From sympathy's source found its way to  
my eye.

Were ever two beings, my Licea, more  
near,

More closely united by nature's sweet tie ;  
Where ever I wander, my bosom will bear  
And cherish this solacing thought till I  
die.

Oh ! yes, I'll remember, when sever'd apart,  
We were kindred in soul, and affianc'd in  
heart.

The excellent moral of the following verses,  
amply compensate for any want of poeti-  
cal merit :—

### THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

SOME think it a hardship to work for their  
bread,

Although for our good it was meant ;  
But those that don't work have no right to  
be fed,

And the idle are never content.

An honest employment brings pleasure and  
gain,

And makes us our troubles forget ;  
For those that work hard have no time to  
complain,  
And, 'tis better to labor than fret.

And if we had riches, they could not pro-  
cure

A happy and peaceable mind ;  
Rich people have trouble, as well as the poor,  
Although of a different kind.

It signifies not what our stations have been,  
Nor whether we're little or great ;  
For happiness lies in the temper within,  
And not in the outward estate.

We only need labor, as hard as we can,  
For all that our bodies may need ;  
Still doing our duty to God and to man,  
And we shall be happy indeed.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1816.

## Intelligence.

An Albany paper says, "the scarcity of bread corn in the States of New-Hampshire and Vermont, in the Northern parts of this state, and in Canada, is so great, as to excite painful apprehensions on account of the poorer classes of society. In some places corn has been sold as high as 3 dollars per bushel, and flour from 15 to 20 dollars per bbl.

The Governor of Upper and Lower Canada, has issued a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of "wheat flour, biscuit, beans, peas, barley, and grain of all kinds used in the making of bread," until the 10th of September next.

A Mr. William Jones, who kept a grocery in Fredericksburg, (Virg.) having thoughtlessly thrown the end of a lighted segar behind him as he was leaving his store, it happened to fall into a cask of powder, which instantly blew the house to atoms ; and the unfortunate author of the accident was so burnt and mangled as to close his earthly career 12 hours after.

A thief attempting to break into a store at Philadelphia has been shot by a person from the inside.

A Portuguese sailor at Philadelphia last week stabbed an American sailor most cruelly, while in bed. The sufferer was taken to the hospital, where he died. The fellow was committed to prison.

A boy 10 years of age, on the 17th ult. at Pelham, (N. H.) was instantaneously killed in the road by lightning.

A barn in Salem (Penn.) was recently struck and burnt by lightning, together with its owner, who at the time was at work in it : his wife, who was near, ran to save her husband, and in attempting to drag him out, as he probably was only stunned, was very near perishing herself.

A man, last week, at Frankfort, near Philadelphia, who had been bitten by a mad dog, finding himself affected with the hydrophobia, and fearing that he might injure some of his family, and afterwards suffer a miserable death by the disease, after cleaning up his garden, and taking leave of his wife, privately put a period to his existence by shooting himself.

A shocking accident happened the 24th June, near Skencateles in this state. Four lads, it appears, went to bathe in a mill-pond ; when one of them in attempting to cross, being like to drown, called out for help : one of the youths who went to his assistance soon got so entangled as to induce the third to lend a helping hand to save his drowning companions, when, melancholy to relate the three perished in each other's arms, while the fourth ran for assistance.

A col. Thomas Adams, of Greene county (N. C.) was shot dead by one of his slaves on the 23d ult. for which no doubt he will suffer death, as he is in custody and has confessed the fact.

\* By an act of the late Congress the widow of the late meritorious general Alexander Hamilton has received from the treasury upwards of 10,000 dollars, being the amount, with interest, of the commutation granted to the officers of the revolutionary army—which the general had generously relinquished.

It is to be lamented (says the National Intelligencer) that many of our citizens, enticed by wealth, and unwilling to wait for the better hopes of their country, having given themselves to the employments in the slave trade. This evasion of our laws, this attempt to beat down the spirit which is to abolish slavery, this forfeiture of citizenship, for a little gain, cannot be considered without great pain by every good man of our country.



Agreeably to his sentence, Louis Croteau, was hung at Ogdensburgh on the 12th inst. for the murder of Mrs. Scarborough. Croteau was a Frenchman, formerly from Lower Canada and was aged about 25 years.

Accounts from St. Bartholomews of a late date, state that the Royalists have evacuated nearly the whole coast of Venezuela.

A Philadelphia paper of July 28, says, A few days ago a child of two years old fell into the vault of a privy, in Filbert street, and before it could be got out had expired.

On the 4th of September, 1815 their Majesties, the emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the emperor of Russia, entered together into a strict alliance, expressly on the basis of the religion of the Prince of Peace. On that day—a day ever to be held sacred in the annals of Christendom—they solemnly declared that the present act (the said act of alliance) "has no other object than to show in the face of the universe their unwavering determination to adopt for the only rule of their conduct, both in the administration of their respective states, and in their political relations with every other government, the precepts of this holy religion, the precepts of justice, of charity, and of peace, which, far from being solely applicable to private life, ought, on the contrary, directly to influence the resolutions of princes, and to guide all their undertakings, as being the only means of giving stability to human institutions, and of remedying their imperfections."

Late accounts from the continent of Europe, represent the uncommon backwardness of the season there. A London paper of May 27, says, "There was a heavy fall of snow in Derbyshire on Monday last; in places near Bexton, the road was nearly impassable from its drifting. The sheep in that neighbourhood have suffered severely, and many perished."

## NUPTIAL.

### MARRIED.

By the rev Mr. Hart, Mr. Thomas Ree, of Jerico, to Miss Phoebe Cornell, of North-Hempstead, (L 1.)

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Leonard Baker, of Albany, to Miss Jane Ann Outen Bogert, daughter of Col. Joseph O. Bogert, of New-York.

By the rev. H. J. Feltus, Mr. Asa Treadway, to Miss Mary P. Fletcher.

By the rev. Mr. Maclay, Mr. Charles C. Andrews, teacher, to Miss Ellen Cropsey, daughter of Mr. Robert Cropsey, all of this place.

## OBITUARY.

The city Inspector Reports the death of 51 persons during the week, ending on Saturday the 20th inst.

### DIED.

Mr. Rynier Quackinbush, aged 31.

Mrs. Rebecca Wilson, wife of Mr. William Wilson, aged 31.

Mrs. Regina Margaretta Gordon, in her 85th year—mother of Mr. Jacob Schieffelin, sen. of this city.

After a short illness, Miss Penelope, daughter of Mr. James Woodham, in the 15th year of her age.

Mr. Geo. Ralph Roberts, of Hudson, aged 20.

Mrs. Cornelia Remsen.

Mrs. Barbara Asten, wife of Mr. John Asten, aged 42 years.

### COMMUNICATED.

At Stratford, (Con.) on Wednesday the 17th inst. of a consumption, Mr. Charles Joseph Wetmore. He bore a tedious illness with that patience, and resignation to the divine will, which ever attends a true christian.—Of him it might be truly said, that he was the noblest work of God—an honest man.

His spirit has fled to his Maker above,  
And now banquets in joy in Jesus' love;  
Then weep not his loss, he now rests secure,  
Free from the sorrows that men here endure.  
He now in the arms of his Saviour reposes,  
Enjoying that peace which the world ne'er discloses.

As angels rejoice when the righteous man dies,

His ascension to Heaven will gladden the skies;

The grand choir of angels will chaunt forth his name,

And in loud hallelujah's the glad tidings proclaim.

(Concluded from page 192.)

"All I say is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked, like a crimped cod:—the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my invaluable powder.

"Give yourself no sort of uneasiness; only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief: then get to bed and to sleep as soon as you can; in the mean time let the weapon which did the injury be rubbed nine times with a small quantity of the powder, and take my word for it you may follow your usual occupation the next day.

"Of the pills I need say nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions sealed up with them. But as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you that they procure husbands for single women, and children for those who are married;—they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion.

"The selling price of these matchless remedies has been six shillings for time immemorial, but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practice physic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay my travelling charges and servant's wages, I freely make you a present of the rest of the money according to my original promise.

"Besides medicines, which no master of a family, nor indeed any one who values his life and limbs, ought to be without; the favourite of fortune will be entitled to a superb and elegant piece of massive plate."

This attractive article was immediately brought forward and displayed.

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt any thing the doctor said, beginning to smell a rat, marched off in silence; but the mass was not formed of materials capable of resisting so formidable an attack on their

feelings and understandings; the present of a crown to each man, at first so confidently promised, had dissipated all fear of imposition; for how could one who acted so much like a gentleman be supposed to want to take them in?

His ostentatious palaver had diffused a magic ray over his powder of post, his rosin and his jalap; for the passive infatuation of being cheated is not without its pleasures; and the superb piece of plate glittering in their eyes, and dazzling their reason, completed the conquest of the impostor.

He was proceeding in his address, when a shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his brother townsmen of their silver, and emptying the green velvet bag of the six shilling packets, while his assistants diverted the anxieties and allayed the impatience of the people by music and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave. Inhabitants of Brentford or Kensington, Chelsea, Turnham or any other green, were permitted to contribute their shilling without any ill-natured questions being asked, concerning the place of their residence.

The business of the day concluded with general satisfaction, as those who did not get the rich prize, possessed that which was nearly equal in value; and the artist acknowledged, at an inn in the evening, as he sat over a duck and green pease, that the real profit of his day's work was five-and-twenty guineas.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

#### THE MUSEUM

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